



The BURROUGHS BULLETIN

Bruce Eliot Jones

I was born in Kansas City, Missouri on October 31, 1944. I was the first kid on my block to own a TV. That and the radio took up most of my time. When the family moved to St. Louis, I began to attack the movie houses with the same enthusiasm I had for television. A kid next door, a junior higher who doubled as a baby sitter, devised a unique method of telling me stories from a diary he bought at the dime store. He drew the stories on the diary pages while telling them, thus adding another dimension to the tales. I acquired a diary and filled it with similar scribblings. At that time I discovered comic books. Back then (late forties-early fifties) comic books were really great stuff and I spent all my pre-comic code days buying all the gruesome horror rags I could get my Clark bar covered hands on—which my parents promptly snatched up and tore to shreds. "They'll give you nightmares, Brucie." They didn't—but who the hell cared? Better TALES FROM THE CRYPT than LITTLE AUDREY!

By now my parents had finally gotten hip to the idea that I liked to draw so, in order to save the walls and window shades, they bought me a \$20.00 drawing board on which I was to create such immortal characters as DIRTY LOUIE, JOE BLOW, and other assorted mongoloids better off forgotten.

Then, sometime between 1960 and 1964, I got involved with the opposite sex and forgot all about drawing. After that first kiss in a darkened basement, I figured I was an idiot to sit alone in my room drawing goofy little pictures all day (an observation which still haunts me to this day). At the University of Kansas, I learned that there are a great many other art forms in the world than that of the graphic story. I also learned that for a guy who could barely draw comic-style, they were practically unattainable.

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I quit school somewhat depressed and confused and did what was probably the most stupid thing that I have ever done in my life...I joined the army! I was released from active duty in the summer of 1967 with a six year reserve obligation. Yeech!

And so, after spending twenty-two years of my life with my feet in the clouds and my head on the ground, or something like that, I began to draw comic art earnestly in August of 1967

while earning tons of money every week washing dishes at the local pancake house. After a year of slinging ink all over the house, collecting old comic books and losing most of my friends, I stuffed my best work into a portfolio, all the money I had into my wallet, got married, and scampered up here to New York. As yet, I haven't set the industry on fire...but I'm still trying and hope to succeed. If not, I can always say this for choosing art as my vocation; I've had a lot of experience at dish washing.

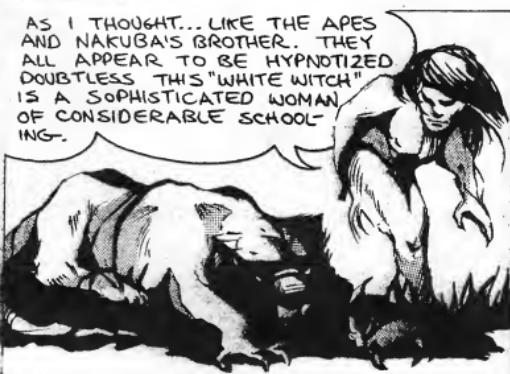
—Bruce Eliot Jones

Ad-lib: It has been almost a year since Bruce Jones first visited the House of Greystoke and became an enthusiastic member of the Burroughs Bibliophiles. In a short space of time, we got to know Bruce pretty well and enjoyed his visits because we were interested in the same things which prevented us from becoming bored. You know, things like ERB, St. John, Frazetta, etc. One time Bruce even let us meet Yvonne, a very attractive young lady who was soon to become Mrs. Jones. Anyway, if you don't believe Bruce is an enthusiastic Burroughs fan, just take a gander at the following pages. You'll be seeing more of Bruce Jones' work...not only in the BB, but in future issues of Fantastic and Amazing magazines and on the covers of paperbacks.



EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS TARZAN











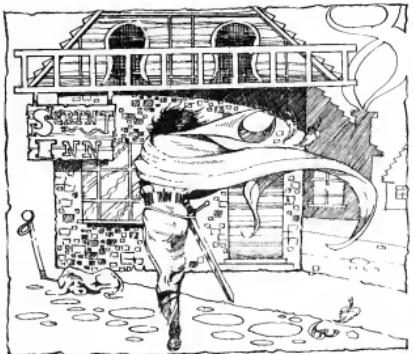
MR OGA

BY THE GODS! IS THERE A BLEAKER LAND
IN ALL THE WORLD? IF THESE DEMONIC
GHOSTS DON'T DRIVE ME TO MY DEATH THIS
SATANIC WIND WILL. IN ALL MY DAYS I'VE
NEVER KNOWN SUCH WILDERNESS. UNLESS I
SOON FIND SHELTER THE ELEMENTS WILL DO
ME IN...



BRUCE ELIOT JONES
1968







IT WOULD APPEAR, INN KEEPER, THAT
SOME OF THE TENANTS OF YOUR FINE
LODGING ARE IGNORANT OF THE MEANING
OF HOSPITALITY; I WAS CAUGHT
WITH MY PANTS DOWN
THAT TIME...



...PERHAPS I CAN RETURN THE FAVOR...





FORGIVE ME SIR FOR DARING TO APPROACH YOU AT THIS LATE HOUR BUT I MUST WARN YOU...THERE IS GREAT DANGER HERE! YOU MUST LEAVE SIR, OR...(SOB)...YOU WILL...
(SOB)...(SOB)...BE...KILLED!



INCREDIBLE AS IT MAY SOUND, THE PEOPLE OF THIS VILLAGE BELIEVE A DEMON IS HAUNTING THE TOWN. TO APPEASE THE CREATURE, THREE TOWNSMEN ARE CHOSEN EACH YEAR TO CHAIN A YOUNG VIRGIN TO A CLIFF HIGH IN THE MOUNTAINS...



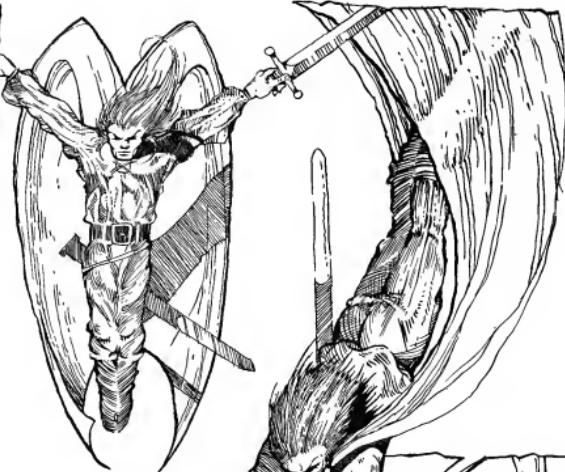
...THERE SHE IS LEFT UNTIL MORNING. WHEN THE VILLAGERS RETURN TO THE CLIFF, THEY HAD BOUND HER, NOTHING REMAINS BUT EMPTY SHACKLES AGAINST A CLIFF STREAMING WITH THE POOR GIRL'S BLOOD...

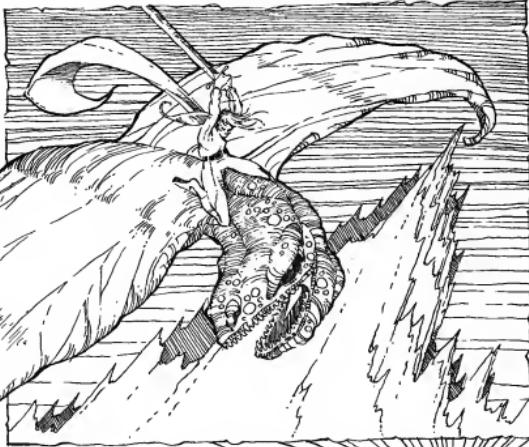
THIS ALL SOUNDS PANTASTIC I KNOW, BUT YOU MUST BELIEVE ME FOR YOUR OWN SAKE. EVERY STRANGER WHO ENTERS THE TOWN IS PUT TO DEATH TO PROTECT THE SECRET...

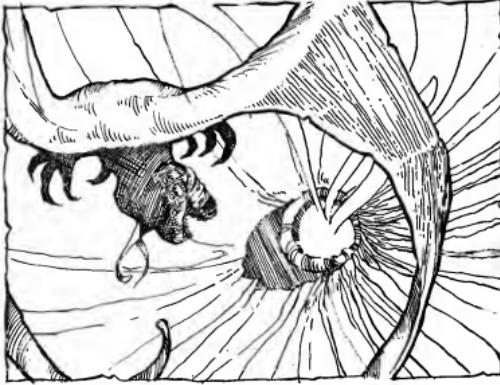
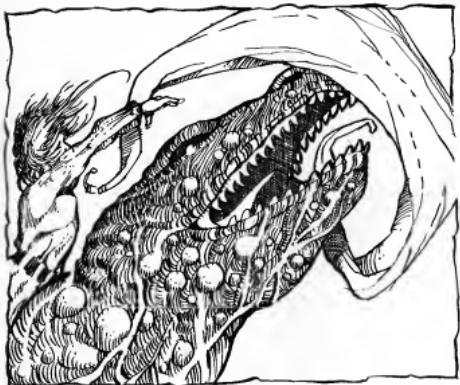


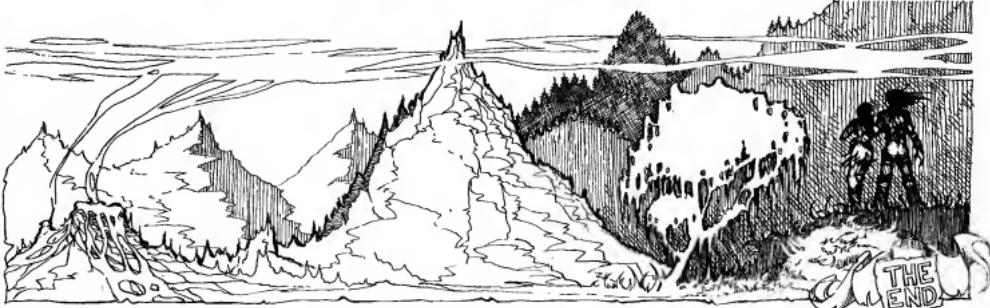
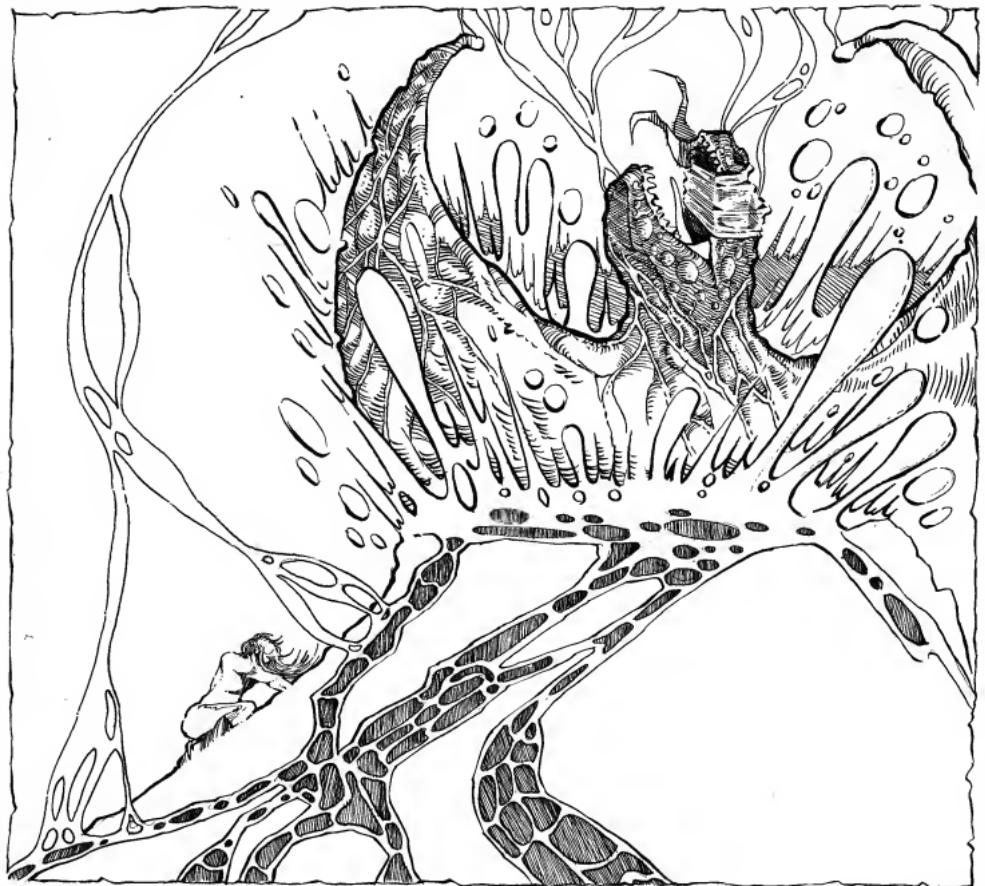












TARZAN

RETURNS TO PAL-UL-DON

HIGH ABOVE THE JUNGLE FLOOR AMID THE LACE WORK OF VINES AND LEAVES THAT ARCS HIS HOME, TARZAN OF THE APES PAUSES OVER HIS AFTERNOON'S KILL AND CATCHES A STRANGE SCENT IN HIS KEEN NOSTRILS. SILENTLY, LIKE A CAT, HE TWISTS HIS LITTLE BODY ABOUT ON THE MOSS COVERED LIMB AND GAZES QUIETLY ALONG THE GAME TRAIL BELOW HIM FOR SOME SIGN OF MOVEMENT. BEFORE LONG THE CRUNCHING SOUND OF FOOTFALLS REACHES HIS EAGER EARS AND STEEL SPRING MUSCLES TIGHTEN IN ANTICIPATION...

Bruce Jones -



NOT ONE HUNDRED FEET FROM WHERE THE APE-MAN CROUCHES A YOUNG JOURNEY SCARRED WOMAN HESITATES WEARILY BE-NEATH A HUGE SHADE TREE...



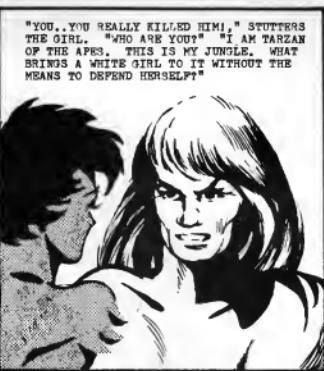


LAWD IN THE
GANG MOVENT
LEAP UPON THE
MONSTER'S
BACK!

THE HUNTING KNIFE
FLASHES UPWARD,
GLINTING IN THE
BRILLIANT SUNLIGHT,
THEN ARCS DOWN BE-
TWEEN THE SHOULDERS
OF THE MONSTER ST.
A SCREAM OF PAIN ECHOS
THROUGH THE FOREST...

AGAIN AND AGAIN STEEL
BLADE PIERCES FLESH
AND FUR SEARCHING FOR
THE VITAL SPOT WHILE
THE LION TRIES IN
VAIN TO DISLodge IT'S
CLINGING AGGRESSOR...

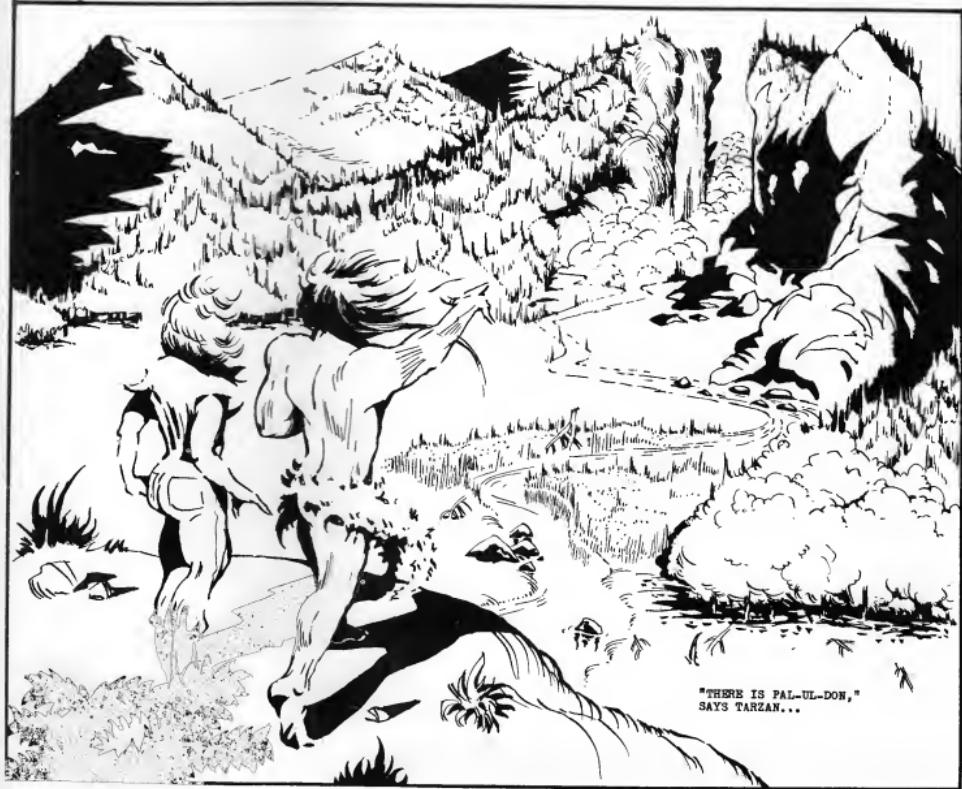
...UNTIL AT LAST,
STEAMING WITH
SWEAT AND BLOOD,
TARZAN FINDS THE
GREAT HEART AND
NUMA COLLAPSES
WITH A SHUDDER...



"YOU HAVE COME
SOUTHERN OF THE
EDGE OF PARADISE.
THERE IS MUCH
DANGER THERE."

"YOUR HUSBAND MAY BE IN GRAVE DANGER,
MRS. PETERS. WE MUST FIND HIM AS
QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE. COME! WE WILL
MAKE BETTER TIME THROUGH THE TREES."

LAURA PETERS GAPS
IN ASTONISHMENT AS
MIGHTY SINEMS BEAR
HER UPWARD AND THE
GRASSY EARTH RUSHES
AWAY...





AS THE TWO DESCEND CAREFULLY INTO THE MOUNTAIN STUDED VALLEY THAT TIME FORGOT, TARZAN IS AWARE OF A PAINFUL HUMMING ON THE WIND... GLANCING DOWN HE BEHOLDS A HUGE GROTESQUE SHADOW AT THEIR FEET...

"DOWN!" HE CRIES SUDDENLY AND LAURA FLEES WITH TARZAN, SINKING TO THE THICK GRASS...



"WHAT IS IT, TARZAN?"

"THIPDARS. LAY DOWN AND KEEP QUIET. THIS GARLIC BUSH MAY KEEP OUR SCENT FROM THEM."



"DOES THIS TERRITORY LOOK FAMILIAR?" ASKS TARZAN. "I'M NOT SURE," REPLIES THE GIRL.

"A STEGASAURUS,
MRS. PETERS. HE'S
A HARMLESS PLANT
EATER..."



WITH AN EARTH-
SHATTERING ROAR
A TYRANOSAURUS
REX LEAPS INTO
THE SCENE...





NEARLY AN HOUR LATER TARZAN HALTS AT THE EDGE OF A WIDE CLEARING AND LAURA GAZES DOWN AT A WEIRD AND TERRIFYING SIGHT. OVER FIFTY FEET HIGH BEFORE THE LYZZARD-GOD THEY WORSHIP IS A TRIBE OF PAL-UL-DON'S WOLF-PROPLE, THE MOST DREAD OF ALL THE CREATURES THAT TREAD THE FORGOTTEN LAND.



BUT THE REAL ROOT OF HER FEAR LIES NOT IN THE BEASTIAL RITES OF THE PRIMITIVE WOLF-MEN BUT IN THE AGONY OF THEIR HELPLESS CAPTIVE... HER HUSBAND BOB PETERS!



TARZAN AND LAURA STEAL QUIETLY AROUND BEHIND THE CLAY IDOL IN AN ATTEMPT TO GET CLOSER TO HER HUSBAND WITHOUT BEING SEEN...



WITHOUT WARNING A PYRION THRUSTS IT'S UGLY HEAD INTO VIEW BEHIND LAURA...



UNTHINKINGLY SHE SCREAMS...

"I'M SORRY, TARZAN!"
"STAND EASY," REPLIES THE APE-MAN.



CONCERNED FOR HER SAFETY, TARZAN ALLOWS THEM TO BE TAKEN CAPTIVE. BOB PETERS, DESPITE HIS DESPARATE FLIGHT, SMILES WITHIN IN THE REALIZATION THAT HIS WIFE IS ALIVE...



WITH WOLFTHIG OLE THE LEADER OF THE ORBITURES POINTS TO THEIR MOSTEROUS PET; A SABER TOOTH STIGM. THERE IS LITTLE QUESTION IN TARZAN'S MIND AS TO WHAT IS TO COME NEXT, BUT ALREADY HIS MASSIVE ARMS ARE WORKING AT THE PLINSY CORDS THAT BIND HIM...





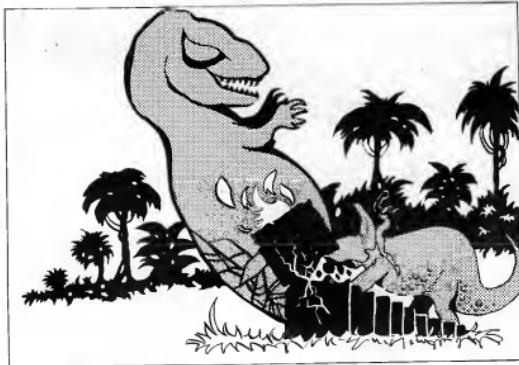
BUT THE KING OF THE JUNGLE WILL NOT FIGHT ALONE. AS HE ROARS, IT IS ANSWERED BY A HONKING GRUNT AND OUT OF THE FOREST LUMBERS A GIANTIC PREHISTORIC TRICERATOPS OR "ORYP," THE WOLF-PEOPLE'S MOST FEARED ENEMY. IN PEAK AND TERROR THEY SCATTER...



TARZAN, MEAN-
WHILE, HAS TIME
TO FREE THE
REMAINING
CAPTIVES...



THEN, SHEATHING HIS KNIFE,
HE JUMPS ASTRIDE THE
PONDEROUS REPTILE'S BACK...



TONS OF MESOZOIC
FURY CRASH HEAD-
LONG INTO THE BULK
OF THE LIZARD-GOD.
THE DRY CLAY AT
THE BASE OF THE IDOL
SHATTERS AND CRACKS
UPWARD AS IT'S
FOUNDATION SHUDDERS
AND CRUMPLES. THE
LERRING HEAD SEEMS
TO NOD BRIEFLY THEN
TOKS A DEEP BREATH
SLOWLY WITH THE REST
OF THE DISENGAGED
STATUE. WITH A RUMBLE
LIKE MATED THUNDER
THE WHOLE STRUCTURE
RENTS ITSELF APART ON THE
HARD JUNGLE FLLOOR AND
SCATTERS INTO A MILLION
FRAGMENTS BEFORE THE
PLEMING WOLF-PEOPLE...



"HOW CAN WE EVER THANK
YOU?" ASKS BOB PETERS.

"BY KEEPING A SECRET
FOREVER THE LAND OF
PALUL-DON," REPLIES
TARZAN.